DISTINCTIVE NATURAL FEATURES, MINARAL SPRINGS, STREAMS.—PIONEER METHODS AND SOCIAL CUSTOMS.

Section III

From now on we will devote ourselves strictly to the limits of Pocahontas County, West Virginia. Preliminary words on the outlines of general history, and what was written concerning geological, geographical, and climatological features characteristic of the region wherein Pocahontas forms a conspicuous feature, were all intended to impress ourselves and readers with some idea how wonderfully the lines of habitation had fallen to our pioneer ancestors in such a remarkable region, and what a goodly heritage is ours could we but justly appreciate it all.

By an act of the Virginia Legislature at Richmond, assembled in 1821, Pocahontas County was formed of territory detached from the counties of Bath, Pendleton and Randolph aggregating 820 square miles. Colonel John Baxter of Stony Creek was very active in bringing about the organization of the new county. Two counties were provided for, one to be named Alleghany, the other Pocahontas. The intention was to name the county embracing the crown of the Alleghanies, "Alleghany," the other lower down "Pocahontas,"

but owing to a clerical oversight the intended names were interchanged.

The geographical position of our county, is defined from 37 degrees 40 minutes to 38 degrees 45 minutes North Latitude; from 79 degrees, 35 minutes to 80 degrees 24 minutes West Longitude. Approximately, Marlinton's geographical position is indicated by the intersection of N. L. 38 degrees 13 minutes and W. L. 80 degrees 8 minutes. The true meridian station mark of sandstone is located in the courthouse grounds 11.9 feet north-east of courthouse steps. The distant mark, north of station mark 957.5 feet on south side of Marlin's Mountain. August 16, 1898, the magnetic declination was 3 degrees, 31 minutes W. Mean annual change 3 seconds approximately.

Pocahontas is an eastern border county' Alleghany top being the line between Pocahontas and Virginia. From the centre of West Virginia Pocahontas county is located to the south-east. Among the distinctive features of the north portion of this county is the fact of its being a part of the high region where nearly every river system of the Virginias find their head springs. The entire county has a great elevation, some of the highest peaks in the State being within its limits. Greenbrier River rises in the north highlands and flows for the entire length of the county through the central portions. Williams River is in the western part of the county, and joins the Gauley in Webster County. In the eastern limits of the county is Knapps Creek, rising in the Alleghany in the vicinity of Frost, and joins the Greenbrier at Marlinton. This junction

of streams, where the bright waters meet, forms the rich alluvial delta where the first corn ripened in Pocahontas, and on which Marlinton is bullding up.

Deer Creek and Sitlingtons Creek from the east; Leatherbark, Warwicks Run, and Clover Creek from the west are important tributaries to the Greenbrier, in north Pocahontas. In central Pocahontas, Thorny Creek and Knapps Creek, with its branches Douthards and Cochran's creeks, Cumming's and Brown's creeks, from the east; Stony Creek and Swago Creek from the west are the main tributaries of the Greenbrier. In south Pocahontas, Stamping Creek and Locust Creek, and Trough Run from the west, and Beaver Creek, Laurel Run, and Spice Run from the east are the tributaries of Greenbrier River.

The Elk region in the northwest is drained by the Old Field Fork, Slaty Fork, and Big Spring Branch of Elk River.

Concerning Knapps Creek, there is an interesting tradition to the effect that it derives its name from Knapp Gregory, believed to be the person of solitary, eccentric habits, who reported to parties in the lower Valley of Virginia that he had seen water flowing towards the west, which report led to Marlin and Sewall's exploration of this region and their locating at Marlin's Bottom, 1749.

The site of Knapp Gregory's cabin is near the public road about opposite Mr Peter L. Cleek's residence, two miles from Driscol. Traces of the fireplace and the dimensions of the cabin yet visible. Early in spring the grass appears here more luxuriantly than

elsewhere and earlier, for the spot seems to be especially fertile, an often observed characteristic of places where buildings have disappeared by gradual decay.

Knapp Gregory is reported to have disappeared from the Creek suddenly and mysteriously. When seen last he was in pursuit of a deer near the Lockridge fording. It was supposed by some that he might have been drowned, while others suspect that he may have been killed and robbed by some suspicious looking characters that had been seen about the same time, by scouts from Augusta County.

East Pocahontas is mountainous and in former years heavily timbered with white pine and much other valuable timber, and abounds in iron ores. Central Pocahontas consists largely of limestone lands, much of it is nicely cleared, and cultivated in grains and grasses. West Pocahontas has more mountains, vast forests of timber of varied valuable kinds, and the indications are to the effect that much coal of great commercial value is ready for development. Heretofore this region was called the Wilderness, or Wilds of Pocahontas, having been, comparatively speaking, an unbroken and wellnigh an impenetrable region.

Throughout Pocahontas County there is such an abundance of purest, freshest waters as beggars all ordinary powers of description. Literally it is a land of "springs and fountains," beyond the dreams of poetic diction to portray realistically. Some of these springs gushing from the earth, even in midsummer show undiminished volume, and with a temperature but little above that of iced water. The entire county

is seemingly underlaid with vast reservoirs, whose dimensions puzzle the imagination, for from the level land as well as from the mountain sides pour forth great springs, many of them with volume sufficient to propel water mills. Larger streams thus starting from a hill-side sometimes disappear, only to appear elsewhere from some unexpected opening in the earth. Of this it is believed that Locust Creek furnishes a notable example in its relation to Hills Creek.

Among the mineral springs for which this county may soon become famous, mention may be made of the Lockridge Spring, near Driscol; the Curry Meadow Springs, at Huntersville. James E. A. Gibbs, the sewing machine lock-stitch inventor, when a young man in delicate health, was employed to build a barn for William Fertig, forty or fifty years ago, a short distance below the Curry Spring. While at work he used the water because it was convenient to get at. To his grateful surprise his health improved and he became a vigorous person, and yet lives to pay a tribute for what this water was the means of doing for the benefit of his health.

The Peter McCarty group or springs at the head of Brown's Creek, four miles from Huntersville; the Pritchard and Price Springs at Dunmore, three miles from Forrest Station on the Greenbrier Railroad; the Spring-House spring near the head of Clover Creek. All these Springs have a local reputation for remarkable cures and they seem to be analogous in their properties to the Capon Spring in Hampshire County.

Dr J. B. Lockridge had Prof Mallett, of the Vir-

ginia University, to make a qualitative analysis of the Driscol Spring. Like the Capon Springs, the Driscol Spring has been found to contain silicic acid, soda, magnesia, bromine, iodine, and carbonic acid, and therefore good for bathing and drinking, promising relief for rheumatism, gout, dyspepsia, dropsical affection, calculus, and renal troubles. Within the radius of a mile of Dunmore are the Moore Blue Sulphur spring, the Kerr magnesia, and chalybeate water.

Near Edray several mineral springs are known and for more than fifty years have been used with beneficial results, such as the Warwick sulphur, Duffield chalybeate, Duncan's chalybeate, and Smith's magnesia, on the west branch of the Indian Draft; Clover Lick Salt Spring, Moore's magnesia Spring, near Marlinton; Moore's alum spring, or as some call it, natural lemonade spring on Brown's Creek. On Laurel Run, four or five miles, east of Hillsboro, is a remarkable group of springs, consisting of a fresh water spring and a purple sulphur spring welling up from the same rock within a radius of a yard or so. The effects of these springs used to be the wonder of the gossips and wet nurses fifty years ago.

In the matter of natural scenery Pocahontas County can display some charming mountain views from points like Droop Mountain Summit, where the Lewisburg Pike reaches it and overlooks Hillsboro and vicinity; Gibson's Knob, overlooking Clover Lick, a point from which, under favorable conditions of weather and sky, House Mountain in Rockbridge and the Peaks of Otter

may be discerned. Several years ago, about the time a new tin roof was placed on Lexington Court - House the late William Gibson saw saw the scintillations of reflected sunlight. The distance to Lexington is about eighty miles; Peaks of Otter, one hundred and ten. Grassy Knob, near Greenbank; Paddy's Knob, east of Frost; Kee Rocks, and Buck Knob, overlooking Marlinton, and the High Rocks, overlooking Millpoint and vicinity; the "Bend," overlooking Edray; Mount Seeall, overlooking the Hills and Knapp's Creek Valleys; Briery Knob, that looms up so visably in lower Pocahontas, all afford prospects to be appreciated must be seen and enjoyed. The sunrise prospects challenge description worthy of the best endeavors of Ruskin or a Maurice Thompson to put in words.

Some four or five years since two ministers had occasion to travel over the Drooping Mountain at an early hour. This mountain overlooks much of southern Pocahontas and northern Greenbrier, commanding an entrancing view of Hillsboro and its charming rural surroundings of Groves, fields and orchards. It was very misty on the morning referred to, and as the ministerial equestrians passed from Hillsboro their view was shut off on every side by the dense vapory barriers. They slowly ascended the broad but devious road up the mountain side towards the summit. Upon reaching the crest of the mountain the sun was seen some hours high in all its glorious power and light. If the Psalmist had been there he would have spoken of the sun as a bridegroom coming out of his chamber and rejoicing as a strong man ready to roll

away the mists that were over the hills, the vales and streams, keeping them from view. We paused at the point most favorable for our outlook, and time was spent contemplating the scene, feeling that we knew of no words that would at that moment fitly express our emotions. In the meantime a radiant power more than ninety million miles away had come and was working miracles all about us. The vast surface of the lake-like cloud beneath our feet began to rise and roll like the waves of a miniature ocean, and the sunbeams beautified all these white waves. They seemed to gather themselves into Delectable Hills, and from their radiant tops spires of vapors enchanting with nameless beauties reached upward towards the sun. And as one would tower above others near, it seemed to draw them along with itself till all had vanished in upward viewless flight. Drops of dissolving mist were on the leaves. Like pearls they hung the bushes with brilliants, and shone like diamonds on the grass.—Had that morning been without cloudy mists, the morning scene would have been divested of more than half of its unspeakable beauties and suggestive lessons. Such a scene as was witnessed by those ministerial friends on Drooping Mountain was well fitted to remind them, and all others who pause, and think upon like morning scenes amid our mountains, of the fact that it was when alone upon a mountain that Elijah saw the glory of the Lord. It was when alone upon the mountain "the Lord spoke unto Moses as a man speaketh unto his friend. Then and there Moses received the promise of final rest. A piously intelligent person while

visiting alone, the mountains of Switzerland, wrote in this manner to friends at home, "It is good to be among the mountains alone—good for both the mind and heart." It seems to be almost universally conceded that mountain solitudes are very conducive towards developing elevated types of piety rightly improved. By this, however, is not meant that christians or those desiring to be christians are nearer to heaven, in place, upon mountain tops than in their homes in the valleys and chambers for secret prayer, though on the mountain tops they be seemingly and impressively nearer the blue sky and its starry gems. When the mind is in a devotional receptive mood there is something very congenial between the mountain tops and prayer and spiritual glory.

Where every thing seems to be more or less unique, as in Pocahontas, natural curiosities individually do not cut much figure, yet special mention may be made of the cliffs at the end of Droop Mountain, which have but recently become famous, and will be one of the features of tourists entering our county by rail up the Greenbrier; the "Ice Cave" of Droop Msuntain. the "Cranberry Meadows" west of Hillsboro; the Falls of Hills Creek; the Turkey Buzzard Cave, near Mt Vernon, the Black Hole near Linwood, the Saltpetre Cave at the head of Swago Creek; the Overholt Blowing Cave, surpassing the historic Windy Cove of Old Millboro in Bath, near McClintic's Mill, four miles from Marlinton; the stone footlog and rock parlor table at the head of the Dry Branch of Swago; the Buttermilk Spring on Gauley, about opposite Gibson's

across the mountains; and "Gun Boat Rock," near Split Rock.

Killing frosts early and late made tha working of land a precarious source of subsistence until a comparatively recent period in the history of our county. As late as 1810, the fact that corn would ripen at Marlin's Bottom enough to be fit for meal was nearly a year's wonder. Gardens for onions, parsnips, cucumbers, pumpkins, and turnips; patches for buckwheat, corn, beans, and potatoes, for many years comprised the most of pioneer farming enterprise in the way of supplementing their supplies of game and fish. The implements used for clearing and cultivating these gardens and truck patches were of home manufacture, and for the most part rather rudely constructed, as mere makeshifts are apt to be.

The people were very frequently molested when at work, by the Indians. And on this account the men would carry their guns with them and have them always in ready reach, and while at work they would be on the look out lest cunning scouts in ambush would shoot them down while at their endeavors to win their living in the sweat of their faces.

It being scarcely possible to keep a work horse because of the raiding Indians, most of the labor of farming had to be done with hoes. In course of time when horses and oxen could be kept and used, plows were in demand. The first plows were made entirely of seasoned hardwood. An improvement was made by attaching an iron plate to the plowing beam, and the "shovel plow" was evolved.

To smooth and pulverize the earth for planting, the place of the harrow was supplied by a crabapple tree or a blackthorn bush, pressed down by heavy pieces of wood fastened on by hickory withes or strips of leatherbark, and some nice work was done by these extemporized harrows. The first harrows that superseded the crab and blackthorn, had wooden frames shaped like a big A, and the teeth being made of seasoned hickory or white oak.

The first scythes that were used to cut the meadows were hand-made by the neighborhood blacksmith, and were hammered out instead of whetted to put them in cutting order. The sneathes were straight sticks, and in mowing the mowers were bent into horizontal, semi-lunar fardel shapes, as if they were looking for holes in the ground, or snakes in the grassy weeds.

For handling hay or grain, forks were made of bifurcated saplings of maple or dogwood, carefully peeled and well seasoned. The writer remembers with pleasure a dogwood fork presented to him by his father, and this fork compared with the hickory rod kept in pickle for lazy, absent-minded boys, was a thing of beauty and the joy of many a summer day in the meadows. It became smooth as ivory, and was the last of wooden forks I have ever seen used, and the last shocks I built with it were in the meadow just above the Island, more than fifty years ago.

When the pioneers came to need more land than mere patches, they would chop three or four acres "smack smooth" and a log rolling was in order. By invitation the neighbors for miles would meet with

their teams of horses or oxen, to assist in putting up logheaps for burning. This being done a feast was enjoyed, and all returned homewards.

The next thing was to burn the heaps. Outside the clearing a wide belt was raked inwardly to prevent the fire from "getting away." The preferred time for using fire was usually some night when all would be still and calm. The first thing was to burn the clearing over, thus making way with smaller brush, undergrowth, and other "trash." It was an impressive sight to witness as the smoke and flames of the burning heaps arose like pillars of fire by night, while the men, sweaty and sooty, passed among them keeping up the fires.

Another interesting pioneer social gathering was the "raising" of the dwelling or a barn. Nothing pecuniary was expected, simply a return of like service when notified. "Huskings" were popular at a certain period. In some communities they would come off in the day as a matter of business, not recreation or frolic. But the typical "husking" was prepared for with some elaborate preparation, The ears would be pulled from the stalks, husks and all, and placed in ricks. This "husking" usually came off on some moon lighted night. A managing "boss" was chosen who arranged the men on opposite sides of the rick, and the contest was who would be the first to break over the crest line. Finding a red ear was considered good luck and so every ear would be noticed as it was broken off. Whoever scored the most red ears was the champion of the "husking bee." While the fathers and sons were thus

laborously but joyovsly disporting themselves at the corn ricks, the mothers and daughters were gathered at the house, some cooking, others busy at the "quilting." About 10 or 11 o'clock the "husking" and the "quilting" were suspended, supper served and then came the "hoe down," wherein heavy stumbling toes would be tripped to the notes of a screeching unruly violin, such fiddling was called "choking the goose," or when there was no fiddle in evidence some one only "patted Juba" about as distinctly as the trotting of a horse over a bridge.

As a rule pioneer festivitios were orderly, yet once in a while there would be a few persons at the huskings who prided themselves in being and doing ugly. Somewhere about the premises there was some body or some thing that they would speak of as "Black Betty." After a few clandestine visits to where "Black Betty" was, the consequences would be that colored Elizabeth with her songs, yellings and a few fights would get in her work, and thereupon a fistcuff or two would impart interest to the gathering, and make the occasion the talk of the neighborhood until some other exciting matter came around.

In the early times now under consideration it was an essential matter that about every thing needed for comfortable use about the home should be home made or at least somewhere in the immediate neighborhood. Thus it came that pioneer wives and daughters were not only ornamental but exceedingly useful in promoting the comforts and attractions of their homes by the skill of their willing hands. Every household of any

pretentions to independence or thrift had a loom, spinning wheels, little and big, a flax breaker, sheep shears wool cards, and whatever else needful for changing wool and flax into clothing and blankets.

Sheep were raised on the farms and were usually sheared by the girls and boys. The wives and daughters would thereupon scour, card, spin, weave and knit the fleeces into clothing:

The flax was grown in the "flax patch," usually a choice bit of ground. When ripe the flax was pulled by hand, spread in layers until dry upon the ground where it had been pulled, then bound in bundles, carried away and spread very neatly over the cleanest and nicest sod to be found, most commonly the aftermath of the meadow. Here it remained with an occasional overturning until it was "weathered," or watered. After an exposure of three or four weeks, or when weathered completely, the flax was gathered, bound in bundles, stored away in shelter until cool frosty days in late fall, winter or early spring would come, when it would be broken by the flax breaker, then scutched by the scutching knife over an upright board fastened to a block. Then what was left of the woody part by the breaker and scutching knife would be combed out by the hackle, and was now ready for spinning and weaving as flax or tow. The tow could be held in the hand and spun for coarse cloth, "tow linen." The flax, being the straight and finer fibre, would be wrapped to the "rock," attached to the little wheel and spun for the finer fabrics. The rock was a contrivance made by bending three or four branches of a bush together and

tying them into a kind of frame-work at upper end. Flax was most commonly put through the entire process from planting to wearing without leaving the farm on which it was grown.

The growing of wheat in Pocahontas in quantities sufficient for self-support was not thought of in early times. Ploughed in with the the bull tongue or shovel plow, brushed over by a crab brush or thorn sappling, and in many instances simply laboriously dug in with a hoe, it was a precarious crop, owing to freezing out, blight or rust. The harvests were gathered with the sickle. The reaper clutching a handful of grain in his left hand would sever it with his right. The handfuls were bound into sheaves and then stacked into dozens. Ten sheaves upright with heads pressed together and all sheltered and kept in place by the other two sheaves being broken at the band and spread out like fans and laid over the top. These dozens having dried out were carried by wagon or sled and stacked. When on steep ground the dozens would be brought off on stretcher shaped contrivances attached to a man's shoulders. At first the threshing was done by flail, and fifteen bushels was a good day's work. In value one bushel of wheat was equuivalent to two bushels of corn, and exchanges were made on that ratio. Where crops were comparatively large flailing was superseded by "tramping out" by horses freshly shod. In this innovation the half grown boy was much in demand as he could ride one horse and lead a second. Two or three pair of horses would hull out forty or fifty bushels per day. After tramping awhile the horses would leave the floor and

rest while the straw would be shaken up and turned over, and then the tramping would be resumed until the grain was all out. In separating the wheat from the chaff the first method was to throw shovelfuls up when the wind was high to blow the chaff away, and then the wheat was cleaned by a coarse seive, which was shaken by hand, and the chaff would come to the top and raked off in handfuls. This was improved on the "winnowing sheet," usually worked by two men, while a third would shake the wheat from a shallow basket. Finally the "winnowing sheet" gave way to the windmill or wheat fan, when the farmers became so advanced in circumstances as to feel themselves able to pay thirty or forty dollars for one.

After "horse tramping out," came the threshing machine, and the sensation produced by its advent surpassed anything that has ever occurred in our county, unless it was the coming of the cars, the 26th of October, 1900. This machine, known as the "chaff-piler," was introduced about the year 1839, by William Gibson, of Huntersville, W. Va. It was operated by Jesse Whitmer and John Galford, late of Mill Point. It was a small affair, simply a threshing cylinder in a box, propelled by four horses, and when in operation the wheat would fly high and low as if it was all in fun. An immense sheet was spread on the ground, and this was enclosed by a wall of strong tent cloth about eight feet high, on three sides. A person with a rake removed the straw as it came out. He would have his face protected with heavy cloth, for the wheat grains would sting. After the "chaff-piler"

came the separator, at first propelled by horses, and then more recently by steam. At the present time most of the crops are separated by the "steamers."

When it came to be possible to raise corn fit to eat in the limits of our county, its preparation for the table was a matter of prime importance. One of the earliest contrivances was the "hominy block." This was made from a large block of some hard wood, most commonly white oak, eighteen or twenty inches in diameter, hollowed out at one end by burning and then trimmed into the shape of a druggist's mortar of huge proportions. For burning out the cavity a hole was bored by a two inch auger, then a red-hot bolt of iron was inserted. This iron bolt was frequently a coupling pin of a wagon. When this could be used no longer to advantage, then hard dry wood—elm was preferred—was obtained, and a fire was kindled in the hole and kept burning until the cavity was of the desired size. The top was large, but it narrowed down until it assumed a funnel shape, and held a peck or more of grain. The grain had been slightly softened by soaking in tepid water, and was reduced by the use of a wooden pestle, usually made of tough material thick as a man's wrist, an iron wedge inserted at one end, made fast by an iron band.

Pounding corn for a family of eight or ten persons was an all day business, and part of the night on Saturdays. When pounded the grain would be in a more or less fine condition, and by using a seive made of deer's skin stretched over a hoop and perforated with holes, before the wire sifters were known, the coarse

and fine could be separated. The fine meal would do for "johnny cake," which is derived from "journey-cake," baked on a board, and for bread, while the course could be either repounded, or cooked as it was for hominy.

After a time this wearisome pounding was alleviated by a sweep pole; superseding the hominy mortar and sweep pole was the hand-mill, formed of two circular hand-stones. The lower was the bed-stone, the upper was the runner, and both were closely fitted by a wooden hoop, in which there was an opening for the discharge of the meal. In the runner there was a central opening into which the grain was fed. Another opening was drilled near the edge of the runner, into which one end of a pole was fitted, while the other end was put through a hole in a board fastened to the joists above. With one hand grasping the upright pole, the miller turned the runner, and with the other fed the grain into the central opening. The grinding of one bushel was counted a day's work.

Hand mills served their purpose, and tub-mills—the first water mills—came into use. In the tub-mills, the upper stone was stationary while the lower one turning against it reduced the grain to meal. The plan of construction was this: A perpendicular shaft was fixed in the lower stone or runner, and on the other or lower end of the shaft was a water wheel four or five feet in diameter. This wheel being sunk in a stream of water, its force caused the wheel to revolve and thus turned the stone fixed to the upper end of the shaft.

After the tub-mills came the "grist mills," with the

horizontal shafts, the lower stones stationary and the upper ones the runners.

In thinking over what has been written concerning pioneer farming experiences, the writer feels safe in saying that if the successors of these early settlers could see and handle the rude and clumsy, hand made appliances devised and used by the pioneer busy hands in their toilsome, dangerous endeavors for a livelihood they would be greatly surprised, and would be prone to regard them as implements of sorely tedious torture, were they compelled to make use of the same in their bread-winning pursuits in 1901.

It would be a serious mistake however to think in that way of our worthy forbears, because they passed many hours of genuine enjoyment. Their fewer wants easily satisfied, rendered them as well contented, if not better as a rule, than their descendants now living their strenuous lives in pursuit of luxuries of dress, housing, and food that would have been the envy of princes and kings in pioneer days.

So far as tested, all the cereals now produce large yields in Pocahontas County. Wheat, corn, rye, oats, millet, and buckwheat may be produced in ample abundance. Though there be quite a number of good mills, yet they are so located that there are communities who think it to their interest and convenience to carry their wheat to the Warm Springs or Monterey to be ground, and considerable is imported, owing to its being cheaper than the home product.

The climate of this county has passed through a great change the past eighty or ninety years. About

that long since it was a rare thing for corn to ripen anywhere in the region now forming the limits of Pocahontas. While it may be true that considerable corn was planted, yet the intention was to have merely soft corn, to fatten a beef or pork in case the mast failed, or be scarce.

About 1810, Major William Poage, then living at Marlin's Bottom, (now Marlinton), had a field of corn near the mouth of the Creek that was looking very promising. He was asked by a neighbor how much corn fit for bread did he think he might have from that splendid looking field. Major Poage, after some thoughtful hesitation, replied very cautiously that he ventured to think there was a probability of there being eight or ten bushels. This was spoken of as the marvel of the season, that out of three or four hundred bushels of corn raised at Marlin's Bottom, there might be eight or ten fit for bread, johnnycake, pone, and hoecake, and the happy people thought things now looked like living.

It is within the memory of living persons when ripe corn was the seldom exception, not the regular rule, on Elk, where fine crops are the rule of everything that is eatable, and that too in notable abundance and of prime quality.

As the climate and soil now are in Pocahontas, they are found to be adapted to the production of tobacco of a very good quality, and for most of the staple fruits, specially the peach and apple.

In the limestone belts bluegrass grows spontaneously and there are places where the bluegrass sod rivals the

famous Kentucky bluegrass. To use the language of an unknown writer, "Timothy, clover, and numerous other choice varieties contest the right of the bluegrass to the field; so we find them growing together, each trying to choke out the others and to climb high enough to choke out all the rest." So far as is observed, this bluegrass producing sod is common over the greater part of the county, and there is but a small percentage of its territory where grasses may not flourish. As a result a great deal of livestock has been and is produced. The cattle, for marketing qualities, equal any in the State. Pocahontas mutton has a reputation peculiarly its own, and the genuine commands the best market figures. There have been times, and to some extent such is the case now, where buyers from other States have come and canvassed Pocahontas County for live stock, seemingly not willing to wait until the cattle or sheep could be taken to them at their homes. Blooded horses equal to the best for quality and service, have been raised in this county.

It is believed that when the lumber enterprises shall have finished their operations and the lands no longer wanted for the merchantable timber, there will be still grander opportunities opened up for farming, fruit producing, and stock raising, and then Pocahontas may rank among the best in any of the States in that line of home making and industrial endeavor.

Very much of Pocahontas was heavily timbered and as the variety and quality was equal to most and surpassed by no other county in the State, before the vast inroads were made on these timber resources in the last

fifteen or twenty years. Still there is an enormous supply yet remaining after all has been done by rafts, drives and loaded freight cars. For twenty years or more an interesting feature were the lumber camps here and there in the woods where hundreds of men were comfortably housed and fed on the fat of the land in various parts of the county, mainly east of the Greenbrier. On the higher elevations west of the Greenbrier and in the western and north-western part of the county are vast reaches of black spruce forests, now in such demand for wood pulp of which the paper is made for post cards, books and newspapers. There remains much oak, cherry, poplar, chestnut and the more common forest trees in marked profusion. The value of timber standing not long since was estimated at over two million dollars.

During the construction of the Greenbrier Railway the past two years (1899–1900) several quarries of sandstone were opened along the line or nearby, and the material pronounced equal to the best for construction purposes.

For burning and fluxing purposes limestone is very abundant, and much of it lies very near vast iron ore deposits.

Near the Little Levels in south Pocahontas very pretty marble has been found, and the mountains on the west of the Levels contain vast amounts of black and white marbles. The specimens of which are very beautiful and promise great commercial value. These formations may be of ready access to the main stem of the Greenbrier Railway by short tramways from See-

bert and Locust, and possibly points intervening.

The entire county from end to end east of the Greenbrier abounds in iron ore indications, principally the brown hemetite and the reddish fossiliferous. The fossiliferous is not in thick veins or very widely distributed, but of the brown hemmetite the supply is regarded as virtually inexhaustible. The veins of ore are large, of excellent quality and distributed over a vast area. In character the ores are pronounced the same as the ores of Monroe and Greenbrier counties. The ore veins of these counties are regarded as extensions of the veins found in Pocahontas.

As to coal resources but little, comparatively, has as yet been ascertained by actual development. While some investigations have been made, but very little coal has been mined for home use and none for exportation. In west Pocahontas in the Gauley and Williams River region, there is a large area underlaid by the New River coking coal veins ranging from two feet thick to eighteen feet, and as far as tested this west Pocahontas coal proves equal to the New River coaking coal. This is the coal that has made the New River region in Fayette County and the Mercer or McDowell coal districts farther south so renowned as coke producing localities. This West Pocahontas county coal is about, as to mileage, the nearest coking coal to the iron producing centres of the two Virginias. Railway transportation and mine development seem to be all that is wanted to bring about a lively demand for this coal. Transportation and development appear now from current enterprizes to be questions of only a short time.

As to the means of travel and communication in pioneer times, it seems that for years the pass ways to and from places in our county and elsewhere beyond were the trails made by buffaloes and Indians. At first the brush was trimmed away and widened for pack-horses, then for sleds, then for wagons, as progress required. The pioneers seem to have noticed that it would be advisable to avoid the trails along the streams and valleys, and follow the crests of leading ridges, and so new paths were blazed accordingly and came to be used, hence the steepness of the old roads may be accounted for in great measure. It was much more practicable to escape an ambuscade on a crest or summit, than when hemmed in by a valley hill sides. With a tenacity worthy of a better purpose the pioneers clung to the old paths with marked conservatism. The sons prided themselves with the idea that what was good enough for their fathers was good enough for them. About 1836, however, there seems to have been an awakening on the matter of better roads to and from the county. The Warm Springs & Huntersville Turnpike was projected, and completed about 1838, with Henry Harper and Wm. Gibson, a Huntersville merchant, contractors. It was a grand high way for that period, and awoke a sensation much like our people felt at seeing cars coming to Marlinton. Every stream was bridged from Huntersville to the Warm Springs, and the means of communication at the time between those places seemed to be all that was desired or could be reasonably expected. Capt. William Cackley was in the Legislature that authorized

and chartered the road, and, to use his own terse language, he had a "time of it log-rolling his bill through;" the expletives are here respectfully omitted.

The Staunton and Parkersburg Pike was made two or three years later. It was located by the celebrated Crozet, one of the great Napoleon's loyal engineers, who refugeed to the United States after Waterloo had made it rather uncomfortable for him in the old country.

About 1854 the Huttonsville and Marlinton Turnpike was located by Engineer Haymond. In the same year he engineered the Lewisburg and Marlinton Turnpike, and the Greenbrier Bridge at Marlinton. Colonel William Hamilton, of Randolph County, contracted for the road work from Huttonsville to Marlin's Bottom. Lemuel Chenoweth, from Beverly, built the bridge in 1854,–56. Captain William Cochran superintended the Lewisburg Road, and all of these enterprizes were completed by 1856. During the war between the States these highways, like so many other things, were virtually laid waste. The efforts to repair and keep them in proper condition have been many and varied, and much unfriendly criticism evoked as to the policy and management of the county authorities. As to road affairs, times change and people with them, and it seems citizens need time for living and learning. No doubt the time will come sooner or later when the interests of the public highways will be committed to the management of persons specially qualified for the business, like law, medicine, or politics.

As mountains and grasses are so characteristic of

our county, some reflections as to the part they perform in their Creator's plans may be in place. The hills and mountain, of Pocahontas, when contrasted with people who own them as property and live in homes overshadowed by them, seem as to existence "everlasting hills." Yet the truth is these mountains are just as perishing as we are. Their veins of flowing fountains weary the mountain hearts as the crimson pulses do ours. The natural forms of the iron or stony crags are abated in their appointed time, like the strength of the muscles and sinews and bones in a human old age. It is but the lapse of the longer periods of decay, which in the sight of their Creator distinguishes the duration of the mountain from that of the moth or worm.

By our bountiful Father of Mercies mountain ranges are appointed to fulfil their offices with a view to preserving health and thus increase the happiness of the human race in general. The first of these uses is to give motion to water. Every fountain and river, from the shallow streamlet that crosses the road in trembling clearness, to the calm and silent movings of the Potomac, the James, or the Ohio, all owe their motion, purity, and resistless sweeping powers to the elevations of the earth ordained for that purpose. Gentle or steep, extended or abrupt, some determined slope of the surface is essential before the waters of any stream could overtake and refresh a single plant or tree after the long pilgrimage by clouds from the Southern Pacific Ocean.

We are living among the highlands, a veritable good-

ly land of the sky, where we may walk and meditate beside the grassy or flowery margins of our mountain streams, what opportunities we have to consider how beautiful and very wonderful is that arrangement, in virtue of which the dews and rains falling to the ground should find no resting place to loiter after coming so far away, but should find instead, prepared and fixed channels traced for them, from the ravines of the central crests, down which they rush and roar in turbulent ranks of foam, towards the dark hollows beneath the banks of lowland meadows, pastures, and planted fields, round which they must circle among the stems and beneath the leaves of the growing plants, so essential to human comfort and enjoyable existence.

These pathways for the dews and rains and melted snows are so arranged that by some definite rate of movement the waters must evermore descend, sometimes slow, sometimes swift, but never pausing. The daily existances they must glide over being marked out for them at each successive rising of the sun, or dawning of the morning, the place that knew them yesterday to know them no more, and the gateways of guarding mountains opened for them in cleft, or chasm, or duly tunnelled. Thus nothing is to hinder them in their mission to the growing, life-sustaining fruits, grasses, and grains, while from afar the great heart of the parent ocean seems to be ever calling these blessing-imparting waters back to herself, as if "deep were calling unto deep."

It is well to remember, too, that this office of imparting motion to water is not exhausted on the sur-

face, for a no less important office of the hills is to direct the flow of springs and fountains from subterranean reservoirs. While it may seem marvelous to see the waters coming up out of the ground beneath our feet, yet this is no miraculous happening, for every fountain and well are supplied from a reservoir somewhere in the hidden chambers of the hills, so located as to involve some degree of fall, assuring pressure sufficient to secure the constant outflowing of the stream.

The second use of mountains is to keep up a constant change in the nature and currents of the air. A difference in soils and vegetation would have in a measure caused changes in the air, even if the earth had been level. This change would have been far less than what is caused now by the chains of hills, which divide the earth not only into districts but into climates, and cause perpetual currents of air to traverse their passes in a thousand different states, by moistening with the spray of waterfalls, beating the air hither and thither in the pools of rushing torrents, closing the air within clefts and caves where the sunbeams are never seen, and all becomes cold as autumn mists. By means of the hills this cooled air is sent forth again to breathe lightly across the velvet fields of grass upon the slopes, or be scorched among sunburned shales and grassless crags, and then when pierced by strange electric darts flashes of mountain fire, the air is suffered to depart at last, chastened and pure, to refresh the far away arid plains.

The third important office of the mountains is to

bring about perpetual change in the soils. Were it not for this office cultivated ground would in a series of years be exhausted and would require to be upturned most laborously by human appliances. Elevations provide for this a constant renovation. The higher mountains suffer their summits to be broken into fragments and to be cast down in sheets of mossy rock, replete with every ingredient needful for the nutriment of plant life. These fallen fragments broken by frosts and disentegrated by torrents into various conditions of sand and clay—materials which are distributed perpetually by the streams farther and farther from the mountain base. The turbid foaming of angry looking waters in time of flood, tearing down banks and rocks are not disturbances of the beneficent course of nature, but are operations of laws necessary to the existence of man and to make the earth beautiful. This process may be carried on more gently, but not less effectively, over the entire surface of the lower undulating districts. Each filtering thread of summer rain trickling through the short turf of the uplands is bearing its own appointed burden of earth to be thrown on some new natural garden for some one to work and enjoy long years in the future.

Of all the good and perfect gifts lavished upon a bit of goodly land, it would be difficult to find anything more suggestive of edifying thought than the grass of the field. It is something mysterious to examine not only when gemmed with the dew drops of morning, or quivering in the mirage of noon, but with the sparkling threads of aborescence, "each a little belfry of

grain bells all achime." When a single blade of grass is plucked, one of countless millions, and one examines intently for a time its narrow sword shaped strip of fluted green, nothing is perceived of notable goodness or entrancing beauty. In that blade of grass may be noticed very little that is strong and a very little tallness and a few delicate lines meeting in a dull unfinished point. So the blade of grass by no means appears to be a creditable or much cared for sample of the Creator's workmanship, made to be trodden upon by men or roaming beast, a little pale hollow stalk feble and flaccid leading down to the dull brown fibres of roots. And yet when we carefully ponder over its uses and the place grass occupies in promoting man's physical good, we are inclined to the opinion and so express ourselves that of all the gorgeous flowers that bloom in our mountain air and shed their balmy fragrance upon the summer breezes, and of all the strong and goodly trees, pleasant to the eyes or good for food, like stately palms and towering pines, strong oaks and ash trees, scented orchards, or gracefully burdened vines, there is not one so universally loved and sought after by mankind of every clime and nation, or by the Creator so highly graced as that narrow point of feeble green—a blade of grass.

For floral scenery our Pocahontas forests, in the season of wild flowers, are as enchanting as fairy dreams. The dogwood and the service bloom,—Indian sign for planting corn, the Shawnee Flower, rivaling the magnolia of the far South; the notable variety of honey-

suckle blooms, so warmly recommended by ardent admirers as most suitable for the West Virginia state emblematic flower; rhodadendron and ivy, along with so many curious flowering plants, open up vistas of surpassing loveliness.

Exotic flowers have been cultivated with notable success. The first rose geranium ever potted in our county was brought to Huntersville by Miss Margaret Ann Craig, from Waynesboro, Va., about the year 1843.. It flourished nicely, and she was very generous in giving away the slips. She carried it on horseback, in her hand, a tiny slip, clipped off with scissors, slit at the end and kept open by inserting an oat grain, wrapped in moistened paper. This wrapping was moistened every few hours at some spring or brook by the wayside, during that journey of nearly a hundred miles.

Flowers are seemingly intended for the solace of humanity, of all age., classes, and conditions. Little children and quietly contented people love flowers as they bloom in forests, lawns, or gardens. Luxurious and pleasure loving persons rejoice in flowers when gathered for some festive occasion. The flowers are the home-loving rural cottagers treasure, while in towns and villages a few flowers adorn as with scraps of rainbow the windows of the toiling inmates, in whose souls linger a longing for the covenanted place of Divine care, of which the lily and the rose are the emblems.

Notwithstanding this general admiration for flowefs, the writer feels inclined to make this criticism at a venture, that were this apparent love of flowers thoroughly probed there are but few people, compara-

tively care about flowers as flowers. Many indeed are fond of finding a new shape of blossom, thus caring for the shape as the little boys care for the kaleidoscope. Many may like a pretty display of flowers on the benches or in the pit, as they admire a fine service of silver or gold plate on the table. Many are scientifically interested in flowers, though the interest of these scientists may be in the nomenclature rathen than the flowers themselves, and some enjoy them as they grow in their gardens like radishes and peas.

Being persuaded as I am that I shall have among my readers some young people who are thoughtful, observing and inquiring in their character, I would write something about the stones that are so very plentiful in our county for their special consideration. Shakespeare, the foremost of all names in English literature, speaks of a cast of intelligence or intellectual culture that enables one so cultivated to see sermons in stones and good in everything. There are but few, if any natural, objects from which more can be learned than from stones, as they seem so well fitted to reward all patient, intelligent observers. As to other objects in creation nearly all can be seen to some gratifying degree by the hasty impatient observer whose glances must be transient, on the spur of the passing moment or not at all. They have no patience with the objects unless they are pleasant in being hastily seen. Trees, clouds, cliffs and rivers are highly enjoyable even by careless observers in being, but the stones over which they walk have for the careless nothing in them

but stumbling and objects of offense. No pleasure is languidly to be derived of the stones as from clusters on the vines or fruits on the overshadowing boughs. Impatient observers find nothing delicious to their tastes or good of any kind in stones. Even to the patiently studious at first sight all that the stones seem good for is to symbolize the hard heart and unfatherly gift referred to in our Lord's question, "Will a father give his famishing son a stone in place of bread?"

But yet when some of my younger readers will do as I confidently anticipate they will, and give the stones their thoughtful reverent consideration they will to their pleasure find in stones more bread or food for thought than in any other lowly feature of all our interesting Pocahontas landscape. For a stone when duly examined will be found to be a mountain in miniature, as a sparkling drop of dew may be regarded as a miniature sun. The fineness of the Creator's work is so exquisite that in a single stone a foot or more in diameter may be compressd as many changes of form and structure on a small scale as have been needed for mountains on a large scale. When moss is taken for forests, grains of chrstal for crags, the surface of a stone, in by far the most instances, is more pleasingly interesting than the surface of an ordinary mountain by reason of more fantastic forms and richer colors. The moss does not conceal the form of the rock but gathers over it in little brown bunches like pin cushions made by mixed threads of dark ruby silk and gold, rounded over more subdued films of white and gray, with lightly crisped and curled edges, like

autumn frost on fallen leaves, and minute clusters of upright orange stalks with pointed caps; and fibres of deep green, gold and faint purple passing into black, and following with unimaginable fineness of gentle growth the undulations of the stone until the stone is so fully charged with color it can receive no more. Then in place of looking rugged or cold or stern or anything a rock is held to be at heart, the moss makes it appear clothed with a soft dark robe, embroidered with arabesque of purple and silver. Though the moss be so meek in character, yet it was the first of Heavens mercies visible to our earth, at the opening of the redemptive ages referred to elsewhere, veiling, as it did, with silent softness, the first dintless rock. Moss is the most significant emblem of pity for the ruined, covering as it did with strange and tender honor the scarred disgrace of ruin, and laying quiet finger on the heaving, trembling stones to teach them rest, in which they now repose. Words have not been coined to express really what the mosses are. No known words are delicate enough, perfect enough, or rich enough in their diction and significance to express what should be told of the rounded mosses of furred and radiant green, the starred divisions of rubied bloom, fine filmed as is the spirit could spin porphyry, as glass is spun with seemingly magic skill. Where can the phrases be found in oratory or poetry to describe properly the traceries of intricate silver and fringes of amber, lustrous, arborescent, burnished through every fibre into fitful brightness and glory, traverses of silken change, yet all subdued pensive, and framed for simplest offices

of graceful duty. The mosses will not be gathered, like the flowers, for May Queen crowns, or tokens of incipient love as the buds are, but of the mosses the wild birds make their nests, and wearied children their pillow. As the earth's first mercy, so the mosses are the earth's last gift to her departed children. When all other service is hopeless and vain from plant and tree, the soft moss and gray lichen take up their watch by the tombstone and the burial mound. The woods, the flowers, the gift bearing grapes and cereals did their offices for a time, but the lichen and the moss do service forever. Trees for the builder's use, flowers for the bridal altar, cereals for the table, mosses for the grave.

SECTION V.

JACOB MARLIN AND STEPHEN SEWALL.

The first persons of English or Scotch-Irish antecedents to spend a winter in what is now Pocahontas County, were Marlin and Sewall. This was the winter of 1750–51. Their camp was in the delta formed by Marlin Run and a slough or drain near the east bank of Knapp's Creek.

In the course of time—having agreed to disagree—they separated and were found living apart, by Colonel Andrew Lewis, Marlin in the cabin and Sewall in a hollow tree. Upon expressing his surprise at this way of living apart, distant from the habitation of other human beings, Sewall told him they differed in sentiments and since the separation there was more tranquility, or a better understanding, for now they were upon speaking terms, and upon each morning "it was good morning, Mr Marlin, and 'Good morning, Mr Sewall!' "

Under the new arrangement, Sewall crossed the slough, and instead of building another cabin, went into a hollow sycamore tree on the west margin of the slough, quite near where the board walk now crosses, and about in line with a walnut tree now standing on

the east bank of the drain and the court house.

The lower part of this tree bore a striking resemblance to a leaning Indian tepee. The cavity could shelter five or six persons, and the writer has been often in it for shade or for shelter from rain or heat.

At the top of the cone, some eight or ten feet from the ground, the tree was not more than twenty inches in diameter, and at that height was chopped off about the year 1839, to avoid shading the crops. Thus the stump was left, a great convenience for shade or shelter, until it disappeared during the War, being probably used for a camp fire.

These persons differed, Sewall told Colonel Lewis, about their "relagian." There is a traditional hint that "immersion" was the theme of contention. But it is more than probable that one was a conformist and the other a non-conformist to the thirty-nine articles of the English rubric. This is known to have been a very live question of those times, both before and after.

This new arrangement did not last long, and Sewall in search of less molestation about his religion, withdrew about eight miles to a cave at the head of Sewell Run, near Marvin. Thence he went forty miles farther on to Sewell Creek, west Greenbrier, and was found and slain by Indians. How impressively this illustrates the evils of religious controversy, so called.

"Against her foes religion well defends,
Her sacred truths, but often fears her friends.
If learned, their pride: if weak their zeal she dreads
And their heart's weakness who have soundest
heads;

But most she fears the controversial pen,
The holy strife of disputatious men,
Who the blest Gospel's peaceful page explore,
Only to fight against its precepts more."

It is moreover interesting in this connection to recall the fact that on the banks of Marlin's Run is the burial place of a little child that was dashed to death by an Indian warrior in 1765, when overtaken by a party of Bath and Rockbridge men, seeking to rescue Mrs Mayse, her son Joseph, an unmarried woman with an infant in her arms, a Mr McClenachan, and some other captives. This burial place is a few rods diagonally from the east angle of Uriah Bird's barn on the margin of the rivulet. The infant corpse was buried at the foot of the tree where it had been found a few minutes after its death. The burial took place just a few hours later, before the pursuers set out on their return. The grave was dug with hunting knives, hatchets, and naked fingers. The little body laid in its place very tenderly, and the grave partly filled with earth. The covering of the grave was completed with rather heavy stones, to prevent foxes or other animals from getting at the remains.

Thus died and was buried the first white child known to history west of the Alleghany Mountains.

Joseph Mayse, 13 years old, was rescued at that same time, somewhere between the Island and the mouth of Indian Draft. In 1774 he fought in the battle of Point Pleasant, where he was wounded, and after suffering from the injury for forty-six years, his

leg was amputated. He recovered, and lived a number of years thereafter, a busy man of affairs. He died "serene and calm," April, 1840, in the 89th year of his age.

In the Richmond Dispatch, April 14, 1901, it is stated that the last survivor of the Point Pleasant veterans was Ellis Hughes, who passed away at Utica, O., in 1840, over ninety years of age. In early manhood he may have lived in the Lower Levels of our county. Now if it was known what month Huges died in, it could be decided who was the last one of the veterans to bivouac in those "silent tents" that Glory "guards with solemn round."

MOSES MOORE.

Moses Moore, the progenitor of the largest relationship of the name in the county, came from what is now Timber Ridge, Rockbridge County, Virginia. About 1760 he was married to a Miss Elliot, a member of another Timber Ridge family. Their children were John born January 29, 17e2; James, born October 5, 1763; Margaret, born March 29, 1765; Moses, Jr., born February 8, 1769; Hannah, born June 6, 1771; Robert, born May 27, 1772; Phebe, born February 13, 1774; William, born September 18, 1784.

At the time of the Drennan raid, when James Baker and the Bridger boys were killed, Moses Moore was living on Swago, in sight of what is now the McClintic homestead. Phebe, his youngest daughter, remembered how the family refugeed to the fort at Mill Point, and while the Drenanns and Moores and others were

passing around the end of the mountain they heard the firing at the Bridger Notch, when the boys were killed. This would make it 1786 when James Baker, the first school teacher in Pocahontas, was killed.

During the first years of his pioneer life in our region, he spent much of his time hunting and trapping along Back Alleghany, upper Greenbrier River, and Clover Lick vicinity. He was a close observer of Indian movements, and would make a careful search for Indian signs before resuming operations as the hunting seasons returned. The usual place for the Indians to cross the Greenbrier, in the hunting grounds mentioned, was at a passage narrow enough for them to vault over with a long pole. He would take notice accordingly which side of the river the vaulting-pole would be on, and act accordingly. Finnally the Indians seemed to have found out his strategy, and thereupon vaulted the narrow passage and cunningly threw the pole back to the other side.

This threw the hunter off his guard. It was Saturday; he set his traps, looked after the deer signs, and arranged his camp. The venerable William Collins, yet living (1901), is sure that the camping spot was on what is now the Charley Collins place, on the Greenbrier above the Cassell fording, at a place near Tub Mill where he was captured by the wily Indians.

It was the hunter's purpose to pass the Sabbath at his camp in quiet repose and devotional reading of the Bible he carried about with him for company. He had put a fat turkey to roast about daylight, and was reclining on a bear skin reading a lesson from the Word.

preparatory to a season of meditation and prayer before breakfast, a habit so characteristic of the Scotch-Irish at that period. He was interrupted by the breaking of a stick, and upon looking intently and steadily in the direction whence the sound seemed to have come he saw five or six warriors aiming their guns and moving cautiously upon him.

Seeing there was no chance to escape, hemmed in as he was, he threw up his hands and made signs for them to come to him. He put the turkey before them and made signs for them to eat. By gestures and gutteral gruntings they gave him to understand that they would not touch it unless he would eat some first. He did so, and thereupon they devoured it ravenously, and it was no time that scarcely a fragment remained, even of the bones.

Soon as breakfast was over, they started for their home in Ohio. Having passed but a few miles, they halted at what the pioneers afterwards called the Mosey Spring. The spring—one of the most copious and beautiful of its kind—is near the residence of the late David McLaughlin, four or five miles up the Back Alleghany road from Driftwood. The prisoner was securely bound with buffalo thongs and pinioned to the ground. A detachment went off in the direction of Driftwood, and were absent two or three hours. When the party returned they were loaded down with ore. This was carried to a place, whefe another halt was made and the ore was smelted and reduced in weight, so that one could carry what had required two to bring in as raw material.

The prisoner was taken as far as Chilacothe and the Indians seemed to have been greatly elated over their capture. So much sc that as a special compliment to their lady friends it was decided in solemn council of inquiry what to do with the prisoner, that the captive should run the gauntlet. The Indians seem to have knywn of nothing so intensely amusing than running the gauntlet, and of uo compliment more flattering to their favorite lady friends than have them to form the gauntlet lines, and leave it to them to torment the captive. Accordingly two lines of squaws were drawn up about six or eight feet apart. One captive had preceded Moore, who was stabbed, bruised and hacked to pieces. This made him think it was only death any way. He entered the line and passed some distance, finally a squaw with a long handled frying pan sturck him. He wrenched the pan from her and knocked her down with his fist and then striking left and right with the handle of the frying pan, he proceeded along the lines, and many of the other squaws ran away. When Moore had scattered them, the warriors crowded around him, patted and praised him, "good soldier," "good soldier," and decided that he should be allowed to live. By degrees he secured the confidence of his captors. In hunting he was very successful and the Indian who was his keeper would give him ammunition, a part of which he would secret. The supply of ammunition was gradually increased, and the time given him to be absent was extended two or three days. With this increase of rations of powder and bullets and extension of time, he ventured to make escape, and got a

start so far ahead that the Indians could see no hopeful chance of recapturing him.

It is nothing but just to remark Moses Moore is one of the pioneers of this county who will be among those longest remembered in the future by those interested in our pioneer literature. Moses Moore's descendants have probably cleared more land than any one family connexion; some of them have been and are prominent in public affairs. The following particulars were mainly furnished by the venerable Andrew Washington Moore, one of his grandsons, now (1901) in the 83rd year of his age, residing on Knapps Creek and occupying a part of the old ancestral homestead.

About 1770 Moses Moore settled on Knapps Creek, known at that period as Ewing's Creek, and so named in some of the old land papers. Traces of the original cabin remained for years in the meadow near the old orchard contiguous to Washington Moore's present residence. The tract of land purchased by Moses Moore from one Mr Ewing, for the consideration of two steel-traps and two pounds of English sterling, extended from Andrew Herold's to Dennis Dever's gate by the roadside below the Francis Dever homestead. Besides other improvements, Mr Moore built a mill on Mill Run, quarter of a mile from Isaac Brown Moore's.

The Daughters of Moses Moore.

Margaret Moore, remembered as a very estimable person, married John Moore, a native of Pennsylvania, and they lived where David Moore now resides. Her daughter Hannah was married to Martin Dilley, Esq.,

and lived where Mrs Martha Dilley, relict of the late Andrew Dilley, now lives.

Her son, William Moore, married Miss Calahan, of Bath County, and settled where Jefferson Moore, her grandson, now lives, whose wife was a Miss Grimes.

Margaret Moore's son, James C. Moore, married Miss Nottingham, and lived on land occupied by his widow and son William. This excellent man was a Confederate soldier and died in battle near New Hope, Augusta County, Va., June 1864.

Another of Margaret's sons, John by name, married a Miss Hannah, of Elk, daughter of Dr John Hannah, ancestor of the Pocahontas Hannahs, and lived on the home place, now held by David Moore. A grandson, Joseph Moore, lives between Frost and Glade Hill. Near his residence the spot is pointed out where Rev Henry Arbogast was slain during fhe Civil War.

Hannah Moore, daughter of Moses, was married to Abram Duffield, on Stony Creek, the ancestor of the Pocahontas Duffields.

Phebe Moore, another daughter, became Mrs Jonathan McNeill on Swago. She was a person highly esteemed for her piety, sound sense, and business energy. For yeart she attended the mill, one of the best of its kind at that time,—in the twenties and thirties. Sometimes that mill would have to run day and night, to supply the custom and avoid grinding on the Sabbath day. There used to be a saying that "an honest miller has hair on the palm of his right hand." Were this a fact, Aunt Phebe's right hand would have been more hairy than Esau's would have been.

There was a Rebecca Moore, who was married to a Mr Cole, and lived in Rockbridge.

The Sons of Moses Moore.

Robert married a Miss McCollam and lived at Edray where William Sharp now lives. Rev Geo. P. Moore is a great grandson of Moses Moore, also Samuel B. Moore, both residents of Edray.

Aaron Moore lived on the Greenbrier, three or four miles above Marlinton. His wife was Catherine Johnson, daughter of John Johnson, who lived on the Jericho Place, a mile north of Marlinton. Charles L. Moore, on Brown's Creek, and Jacob S. Moore, on Elk, are great-grandsons of Moses Moore, the pioneer.

Moses Moore, Jr., emigrated to Kentucky.

William Moore married Christina Dods, of Rockbridge County, and lived on Stony Creek on the place now occupied by the family of the late Dr Page Carter.

Their daughter, Margaret, became the wife of the late Colonel John W. Ruckman of Mill Point.

Another daughter, Jennie, was married to Captain William D. Hefner, who died in battle at Lewisburg during the War.

Their son, Rev James E. Moore, was a widely known Methodist minister.

John Moore, another son of the pioneer, married a Miss McClung, of Greenbrier County, and settled at Mt Vernon, Knapp's Creek. Their daughter Jennie married John Lightner, near Hightown, Highland County. Another daughter, Elizabeth, became Mrs Jacob Lightner, and lived where the late Francis Dev-

er had his home. There was a son, John Moore, who died aged 18 years.

Isaac Moore, son of Moses, settled near the old home now occupied by I. B. Moore. His wife was Margaret Wilson, from the vicinity of the Old Stone Church, Augusta County. Their children were Chesley, Preston, Malinda, who became Mrs Samuel Harper; Washington, Matilda, who became Mrs John Baker; Isaac, Jr., and Moses.

Chesley married a daughter of the late Colonel John Hill, for whom Hillsboro was named. After her death Chesley married Miss Wanless, on Back Alleghany.

Andrew Washington Moore first married Anna, daughter of Henry Harper, of Sunset, and settled on a part of the Knapp's Creek homestead. His second marriage was with Margaret Jane, daughter of the late John Dever, of Highland County.

Isaac Moore, Jr., lived at Dunmore. He and a citizen named Dunkum bought from Andrew G. Mathews his fine farm, and divided it. Out of their names they jointly coined the word Dunmore and so named the postoffice, which had been previously named Mathewsville. Isaac Moore married Alcinda Arbogast, daughter of the late William Arbogast of Green Bank. Their daughters are Mrs George H. Moffett, of Parkersburg; and the late Mrs Dr Charles L. Austin of Green Bank. Their sons are C. Forrest, Harry, Ernest, and Rice. Ernest is Sheriff of Pocahontas County. Judge C. Forrest Moore resides at Covington, Va. He presided at the trial of Goodman for fatally shoting, at Gladys' Inn, Va., Colonel Parsons, the proprietor of the Nat-

ural Bridge. At present he is Attorney for the Covington Paper Mills. He has been largely instrumental in bringing the varied resources of our county into practical notice. Forrest Depot is named for him.

Moses Moore lived on the home place. His wife was Isabella, a daughter of Thomas Campbell of Highland County, and still survives her lamented husband, who was a person eminent for his christian character. She has her home with her son I. Brown Moore, who was recently (98–99) a member of the West Virginia Legislature.

The study of pioneer history is deeply interesting, and very beneficial when the reader traces the lines of descent, and duly reflects upon the contrast of what has been and what is now. By doing so intelligently, we are prepared to some extent to realize what is due the memory of those whose bravery, industry, and selfnenial made it possible for us to have the comforts we now enjoy.

As long as tha Moores retain their characteristic industry, prudent economy, honesty in their dealings, and pious proclivities, they will be a blessing to our county in the future, as they have been in the past, and are now.

RICHARD HILL.

Richard Hill, whose ancestral blood courses the veins of a great many worthy citizens, now claims our special notice in this paper. It is generally believed he came to this region soon after the armies of the Rev-

olution were disbanded, from North Carolina. He was one of the more distinguished of the early pioneers as a scout and a vigilant defender of the forts.

Upon his marriage with Nancy McNeel, daughter of the venerated pioneer of the Levels, John McNeel, he settled on Hill's Creek, on lands lately occupied by Abram Hill's family. As long as Hill's Creek flows and murmurs his name will be perpetuated. There were three daughters, Elizabeth, Martha, and Margaret; and seven sons. Thomas, John, Abraham, Isaac, William, Joel, and George.

Elizabeth became Mrs John Bruffey, and lived on Bruffey's Creek. In reference to her family the following particulars are given. Nancy Bruffey married Levi Hooker, from Connectciut, a dealer in clocks, and settled in Missouri. Eliza Bruffey became Mrs Robert Moore, near Edray. Late in lire her family went to Iowa. George P. Moore, now of Edray, is one of her sons. Davis and Clark were the other two, now in Iowa.

Martha Bruffey married James Ewing, and lived some years near Marlinton, and finally settled in Nicholas County, West Virginia.

Margaret Bruffey married organ Anderson, now of Hills Creek.

Julia Bruffey was married to William McClure, on Little Anthony's Creek.

Lavinia Bruffey married Claiborne Blaine and went west.

Harriet Bruffey was married to Wesley Cruikshanks and went west.

Bradford Bruffey married Miss Mary Watts, of Greenbrier. T. A. Bruffey and Mrs Ida Sarver are his children.

Murray Bruffey married Miss Lizzie Craig, and lives in Nicholas County.

John Bruffey, Jr., married Maggie Hill, daughter of George Hill, son of the pioneer.

Martha Hill was married to George Gillilan, of Greenbrier County, near Falling Spring. In reference to her family the following particulars are in hand:

Richard Gillilan married Miss Mary Handley, and lived near Frankford. Richard's daughter, Jennie, is now Mrs Wallace Warwick Beard, of Hillsboro. Another daughter, Sarah, became Mrs Stuart, and went west; and another daughter, Mattie, was married to Cyrus McClung, of Frankford.

Margaret Hill, daughter of the pioneer, was married to Samuel Gillilan, brother of George Gillilan, just mentioned, and settled in Illinois. Her children were Electa, Talitha, Nancy, Lydia, John, Samuel, and Shadrach Chaney. Shadrach Chaney, while a mere boy, was sent to mill, and was killed upon his arrival at the mill by another lad, who claimed to be in ahead of Shadrach. His mother's grief was inexpressible, as may be readily believed.

Thomas Hill, in his day a very prominent citizen of Pocahontas, married Anne Cackley, daughter of Valentine Cackley, Sr., of Mill Point. First lived on Hills Creek, and then located near Hillsboro, where he spent most of his life. Their family were five daughters and three sons: Martha, Mary, Nancy, Eveline,

Lavinia, William, Richard, and George.

Colonel John Hill married Elizabeth Poage, and lived near Hillsboro. When far advanced in years, he migrated to Missouri, and located in Davies County. So many families from this region have goue to that county that it might be called the Missouri Pocahontas. In this family were seven sons and four daughters. Margaret, who became Mrs Chesly K. Moore; Nancy, (Mrs William McMillion); Elizabeth and Mary, who married in Missouri. The sons were Richard, William, John, Thomas, Robert, Davis, and George.

Abraham Hill married Sallie Burr, daughter of Aaron Burr, of Greenbrier County, and lived on the old Hill homestead. In his family were nine sons and one daughter. John, Richard, Thomas, George, Aaron, Joel, Doctor, Peter, William. and Rebecca. This daughter was first married to the late William Cackley, near Mill Point. She is now Mrs A. J. Overholt. Lee Cackley is her son, living on Stamping Creek.

The writer remembers Abraham Hill with feelings of strong attachment, for many reasons. He wrote me several letters while I was a student at college, manifesting great interest in my personal welfare and speaking words of christian encouragement, all of which I reciprocated to the best of my abiiity. He came near sudden death while baiting for wolves with poison. A puff of wind blew some of the strychnine into his face; he never recovered fully from the effects, though he survived many years.

Isaac Hill did his wooing in the Lower Levels, and won the confidence and affections of Jennie Edmiston,

and settled on Hills Creek. Two sons and two daughters composed his family: Nancy, Rebecca, William, and Richard.

William Hill, son of Richard, married Ann Ray, near Locust, and settled in Nicholas County. There were three sons and two daughters in this family: Elizabeth, Nancy, John, Archibald, and Joseph.

Joel Hill, son of the pioneer, paid a number of visits to Greenbrier County, and when he came home with his young wife, Rebecca Levisay, his friends found out what the attraction had been. In this family were six daughters and two sons. Mary Frances is now Mrs Sherman H. Clark; Ann Eliza was married to Oscar Groves, of Nicholas County; Martha was married to Mansfield Groves, of the same county; Melinda became Mrs Levi Gay, near Marlinton, first wife; Caroline was married to D. A. Peck, first wife. Her daughter is now Mrs Adam Young. Lucy was married to William Curry. Mrs T. A. Bruffey is another daughter.

Allen Hill was in Missouri at the breaking out of the War. Being suspected for cherishing Confederate sympathies, he was slain by over zealous Union partisans.

Richard Washington Hill married Margaret Watts, of Greenbrier County, and lives on the homestead. He served a term as Sheriff of Pocahontas County.

George Hill, son of Richard Hill of honored memory, married Martha Edmistou. He was married twice. By the first marriage there were four sons and a daughter: Margaret, Franklin, Claiborne, Isaac, and William. George Hill's second marriage was with Re-

becca Cruikshanks. By this marriage there were four sons and two daughters: Henrietta, Minnie, Wallace, Joel, Chalmers, and Sterling.

This venerable man died early in the forties, full of days and greatly respected- The writer was at Colonel John Hill's home when he returned from the burial of his father, and listened for hours to his reminiscences of his grand old father; but alas, so much has faded from his memory that he would like to write.

Richard Hill, whose family history we have just endeavored to illustrate, with the assistance of our lamented friend, Mrs Nancy Callison, his worthy granddaughter, seems to have keen endowed with a charmed life. It would be better to say that in the providence of God he had a mission to perform, and was immortal until that service should be accomplished.

The Indian brave that slew James Baker, one of the first schoolmasters in this region, had shrewdly planned to shoot Baker in the act of crossing the fence and kill Richard Hill with his tomahawk before he could be able to recross and escape to the Drennan house, near Levi Gays.

While Richard Hill was repairing his broken rake in the rye field at Edray, near the grave yard, an Indian in the fallen tree top aimed repeatedly at his breast, and put his finger on the trigger time and again, and every time something seemed to restrain him. The Indian thought it was the Great Spirit, and seemed to have felt it would not do to kill a friend of the Great Spirit, and thus incur his anger.

Then while scouting in the mountains toward Gauley he was thrice aroused by alarming dreams, and when the morning dawned he discovered that an Indian had tried three times to steal upon him and kill him while he was asleep.

There is also a tradition that a detachment of Indians were in ambush for several days near Mr Hill's home on Hill's Creek, for the special object of capturing or killing him, as they had come to feel there would be little or no use to raid this region while he was alive or at large- They had taken np the idea that the owner of such a nice house would dress much better than anybody else, and would not work with his own hands. They saw men at work in reach of their guns, but none of them dressed to suit their ideas as to how Mr Hill would be attired. It so turned out that Mr Hill was one of the hands, and it was his workday dress that beguiled the Indians and prevented his being shot at or captured.

Richard Hill was one of nature's noblemen, who relied more on pure, genuine character than mere superficial appearances, and therein lay the secret of his safety and success. A pure character and a genteel appearance make a lovely sight, but a genteel exterior and an impure chnracter make a nuisance that is simply unendurable to all except human John Crows or vultures.

ADAM ARBOGAST.

The Arbogast relationship is identified to a marked degree with the history of our Pocahontas people, and

justly claims recognition in these short and simple annals. So far as known, the original progenitor of the Arbogasts in Pendleton and Pocahontas was Michael Arbogast, who must have been one of the original pioneers of what is now Highland County, in "Indian Times." He settled there some time previous to 1758. Fort Seybert on South Branch, about twelve miles northeast of Franklin, was the chief place of refuge for all the pioneers in that section when there was danger of being pillaged, slain, or carried into captivity by raiding parties of Indians, led for the most part by Killbuck. Captain Seybert is reported to have made the remark, when his fort was taken in 1758, that if the Arbogasts had been there he could have held the place in spite of the Indians.

Michael Arbogast had seven sons: Adam, George, Henry, John, Michael, David, and Peter,—the two last named were twins. The sons, excepting John, were all very powerful and stalwart in their physique, and were often more than two hundred pounds in weight.

Adam Arbogast married Margaret (Peggy) Hull, daughter of Adam Hull, near Hevener's Store in what is now Highland County, Va. They came to the head of the Greenbrier, near Travellers Repose, in 1796, and settled on the place now occupied by Paul McNeel Yeager. Here he built up a home in the primitive forest, and reared his family. His sons were Benjamin, William, Adam, and Jacob. The daughters were Susan, Elizabeth, Mary, Barbara, and Catherine. Barbara and Catherine died in youth. In reference to

the sons, another paper was prepared, illustrating the history of Benjamin Arbogast's family, whose sons were Solomon, Henry, Adam, John, and Benjamin, Jr., the distinguished teacher and pulpit orator. In that paper there are some omissions that are supplied here:

Margaret, daughter of Benjamin Arbogast, Sr., became Mrs John Yeager, late of Alleghany Mountain, of whose family fuller particulars may be looked for in the Yeager Sketches.

Mary (Polly) married Hamilton Stalnaker and lived in Randolph.

Another daughter of Benjamin Arbogast became Mrs Henry Wade on Back Creek. In rererence to her family the following particulars are in hand:

Benjamin Wade was a physician and settled in Missouri.

John Wade was also a physician and lives at Burnsville, Braxton County, where Wilson Wade also lives.

Madora Wade, now Mrs Gawyne Hamilton, lives in Braxton.

Naomi Wade married Joseph Gillesoie, and also lives in Braxton.

Harriet Wade became the second wife of William Cooper, near Green Bank.

Delilah Wade became Mrs Joseph Wooddell, near Green Bank. In reference to her children are these particulars:

Clark Wooddell lives in Renick's Valley.

Preston Wooddell, a gallant Confederate soldier, was slain in the battle of Winchester.

Warwick Wooddell was killed at the battle of Cold Harbor. Aaron Wooddell was also a Conrederate soldier.

John Arbogast, a son of Benjamin Arbogast, Sr., was killed near Glade hill by a falling tree. Joel Arbogast, his son, is a prosperous farmer in Kansas.

William Arbogast, of Adam the pioneer, married Jane Tallman and lived at Green Bank. Frequent and fuller references to him and his family appear in other papers.

Jacob Hull Arbogast, of Adam the pioneer, married Elizabeth Wiison Bright, of Highlrnd, and settled on the West Branch of the Upper Greenbrier, on the place now in possession of Colonel J. T. McGraw. His family consisted of four sons and three daughters.

Margaret became Mrs Levi H. Campbell, and lives in Elkins.

Eliza Jane is Mrs Adam Shuey' and lives at Fisherville, Augusta County.

Harriet Elizabeth is now Mrs B. M. Yeager at Marlinton. B. M. Yeager is a widely known citizen of our county as a land agent, railway promoter and manager for the Pocahontas Development Company.

Paul McNeel Arbogast married Amanda Bucher, and lives on the Greenbrier not far from the homestead

Jacob Lee Arbogast married Otey Riley, and at the time of his recent decease was a merchant at Travellers Repose.

William Barton Arbogast lives at Travellers Repore.

Jacob H. Arbogact was a man of very interesting personality. He was of untiring energy, and in his

time was an extensive dealer in wild land. His name frequently appears in the court records a party to some of the most important and warmly contested land litigation that ever transpired at the Pocahontas bar. He was an ardent supporter of the Confederate cause, and saw service in the home guards. In the beginning of the war, a few days after the repulse of Pegram on Rich Mountain, in 1861 he refugeed with his family to the East and spent most of the war times in Augusta County. He carried but little with him, and so lost his household effects and live stock along with his dwelling. In 1865 he returned and began life afresh at the old Greenbrier homestead. But few places in West Virginia were more completely desolated than the head of Greenbrier by the ravages of war.

Adam Arbogast, Jr., of Adam, the pioneer, first married Rachel Gregg, or Zebulon Gregg, and settled near the homestead. There was one son by this marriage, Napoleon Bonaparte. The second marriage was with Sarah McDaniel. In reference to the children of the second marriage the following particulars are given:

Huldah married Paul McNeel Yeager, and lives at Travelers Repose.

Eliza Arbogast became Mrs Frank McElwee and lives at Elkins.

Alice Arbogast married Early Snyder and lives in Crabbottom.

Rrchel became Mrs C. C. Arbogast and lives near Arbovale.

Ella is now Mrs Benjamin Fleisher and lives in Highland.

Ada died in youth.

The son Peter D. Arbogast married Hodie Burner, lived awhile at Arbovale, was a Justice of the Peace: he lately resigned and is now studying medicine at the University of Virginia.

Adam Arbogast, the pioneer, lived to be nearly one hundred years old. e recovered his second sight and for years had no need of eye-glasses. Coming to this region early as he did, and having grown up in the period of Indian troubles, he had many thrilling adventures to relate. Upon one occaslon his dogs treed a panther in an immense hemlock tree for which the upper Greenbrier is so celebrated. He called on John Yeager, his nearest neighbor, for assistance in capturing the dangerous animal, one of the largest of its kind-John Yeager was a famous and fearless climber of forest trees. A torch was procured and he began to climb, holding it in one hand. When he had located the panther, he laid the torch on two limbs, descended the tree until ne could reach the rifle that Mr Arbogast had loaded and primed for him, He thereupon returned to his torch and by its light shot and killed his game.

Upon one occasion the pioneer had arranged for a bear hunt on Burner's Mountain. When reaching the point designated, he was disappointed in not meeting his hunter friends. He killed a bear however, and as it was growing late and there were signs of a coming storm, he went into shelter, and soon a hurricane occurred. The next morning he sound there was not a standing tree anywhere near; the dog was gone, the

bear fast under fallen timber, the gun broken to pieces, and he was safe without a scratch or bruise. He had to go home for an axe to chop the tree off the bear and get help to bring it in.

What gives these stories their interest, it all occurred just as he told it. Like the Father of his Country, Adam Arbogast could not and would not tell anything but the truth as he saw it.

ROBERT GAY.

Robert Gay, Esq., the subject of this sketch, was one of the most prominent personalities of his time in the affairs of early pioneer days. He was a native of Augusta County, and was brought up to manhood on the banks of the Calf Pasture River, between Deerfield and Goshen. Just before the Revolution he came to this region and settled first on Brown's Creek.

His first wife was Hannah oore, daughter of Levi Moore, Senior, who homesteaded and settled the place near Frost now occupied by the family of the late Samuel Gibson, Esq.

Afterwards Mr Gay located on the east bank of the Greenbrier, about opposite fhe mouth of Stony Creek, near Marlinton. Subsequently he built a new house on the west bank, traces of which are yet visible at the Lumber Yard. The timbers of this house are now in the dwelling occupied by Colonel Levi Gay. These are among the oldest specimens of hewn timber in the county. The tradition is that the old house now owned by M. J. McNeel is the first building of hewn timber ever erected in the county. Here the venerable

pioneer spent his last years.

He figured prominently in the organization of the county, was a brave patriot, and widely known and much esteemed. He was a special friend of Jacob Warwick's family, and pleasant relations have ever existed between the descendants of the two old pioneer comrades and attached personal friends.

Mr and Mrs Robert Gay reared a worthy family of six sons and three daughters. The sons were Samuel, George, John, Andrew, Robert, and James; the daughters were Jennie, Sallie, and Agnes.

Jennie married William Cackley, one of the most prominent citizens of his time, and lived many years near Huntersville, on the place now owned by the family of the late Joseph Loury, Esq. Mr Cackley finally moved to Missouri, late in life.

Sally became the wife of James Bridger, and for a long while lived at the Bridger Place, higher up the Greenbrier. This family went to Iowa.

Agnes married Alexander Gillilan, and her family moved to Missouri.

Samuel Gay married Alice Cackley, eldest daughter of Frye Cackley and Polly his wife, who came from near Winchester, and located ar Mill Point, about 1778. Joseph C. Gay, on Elk, and Mrs Polly Gibson, on Old Field Fork of Elk, are their children. Two of their sons, George and William, were slain during the War. Hannah sacrificed her life waiting on her sick friends and relatives during the War. Sarah Ann was the first wife of the late Jacob Waugh, of Stony Creek. S. D. Waugh and Mrs A. Coombs are

her children.

George Gay married Susan Lightner, whose parents were Peter Lightner and Alcinda (Harper) his wife, on Knapp's Creek. This son lived several years in the Levels, on the farm now occupied by F. A. Renick. Afterwards he moved to Iowa, and prospered.

John Gay married Miss Margaret B. Clark, a lady from Cecil County, Maryland. He spent his entire life on the old homestead near Marlinton.

James Gay married Miss Abbie Callison, sister of the late Mrs Julia Poage, of Poage's Lane. John R. and Quincy Poage, well known citizens, are her nephews.

This humble effort is put forth to perpetuate the memory of a very worthy man. In peace and in war his country could rely upon him. He belonged to that pioneer citizenship of whom Washington thought in a dark hour when he exclaimed: "Give me but a banner and rear it on the mountains of West Augusta, and I will rally around me the men that will lift my bleeding country from the dust and set her free!"

Having reared a very worthy family, having been prominent in public service in this section of Virginia, before and since the organization of the county of Pocahontas, his life came to a close March 22, 1834. His remains were borne to the old burying ground on Stony Creek, near the Edray crossing, in sight of his home.

Mrs Hannah Gay survived him in widowhood more than twenty-five years. In August, 1859, on a visit to Sally Bridger, something happened to enrage the

bees and upon going out to see, she was attacked by them and before she could be rescued she was fatally injured, and died August 15, 1859, at a very advanced age. She was borne to rest at the side of her noble husband, and thus passed away one of whom it was testified by many that she was one of the "best old ladies that ever lived in her neighborhood."

The writer cordially agrees with that sentiment, when he remembers how kind, and even affectionate, she was toward him while he was a mere youth. "Keep on trying to do right, Billy,—there will be better times for you some day." These words he fondly treasures in his memory, and for fifty years has seen and felt how wise and useful such words are.

BENJAMIN ARBOGAST.

This paper is composed of fragmentary notices of one of the early settlers of the Glade Hill neighborhood. Benjamin Arbogast, Senior, the progenitor of a well known branch of the Arbogast relationship, settled early in the century near Glade Hill, on the lands now in possession of Cornelius Bussard, Clark Dilley, and others. In his home were five sons and three daughters: Henry, Solomon, John, Adam, Benjamin, Carlotta, Sally, and Delilah.

Carlotta became Mrs Jonathn aPotts, and lived in Upshur County.

Sally became the second wife of Ralph Wanless, near Mt Tabor.

Delilah was first married to Joseph Wooddell, near Green Bank. Her second marriage was with Freder-

ick Pugh, of same vicinity.

In reference to the sons, we have the following particulars, gathered from a variety of sources:

Henry Arbogast married Anna Warwick, on Deer Creek, and settled on a part of the homestead. Their sons Warwick and Newton died while young. Jamieson married Sarah Grimes, and settled on Elk.

Marshall Arbogast married Rachel Nottingham, and lives in Randolph County.

Sally Arbogast became the wife of George Arbogast and lives near Glade Hill.

Margaret was married to Martin Clark Dilley, and lives on part of the homestead.

Minta became Mrs Bud Stalnaker, and lives in Randolph County.

Henry Arbogast was a person of high natural endowments; was widely known in our county, and was greatly respected for many good qualities. He was a local preacher in the pale of the Methodist Episcopal church, and "cried aloud and spared not" when denouncing the fashionable foibles of his times. The writer once heard him preach a sermon from the text: "Pray without ceasing." The sermon was largely taken up in a description of the Magic Carpet, we read about in the Arabian Nights Entertainment, and then used it as an illustration, showing that the prayerful soul has in prayer something far more to the purpose than the magic carpet ever was or could be. He was an enthusiast in his religious views. To him Methodism was the chief of all the prevailing "isms,"—the one "ism" that was "altogether lovely,"—and he

made no secret of it.

During the war between the States he was a sincere, decided, but harmless sympathizer with the Union cause. When last seen alive he and his neighbor Eli Buzzard were in charge of a squad of persons claiming to be Confederate Scouts. A few days afterwards these two civilians were found dead near the roadside, about half way from their homes towards Frost. From the attitude in which his body was found it is inferred that he died in the act of prayer, heeding the text referred to above.

Solomon Arbogast married Nancy Nottingham, and lived on part of the homestead. In reference to his family the following particulars are noted:

Allen first married a Miss Curry; his second marriage was with a Miss Gillespie.

George married Sallie Arbogast.

Charles was a Union soldier and died in the war.

Lizzie married Gilmer Sharp and lives near Frost.

Mary married William Cooper, near Green Bank.

Rachel became Mrs Samuel Sutton and lives beyond Green Bank.

Caroline first married the late James Ruckman; her second marriage was to Michael Scales, and lived near Mill Point.

John Arbogast, son of Benjamin, Sr., married Margaret Yeager and lived near Glade Hill. He was killed by a falling tree, leaving a widow and three sons.

Adam Arbogast married Clarissa Sutton, and lived near Green Bank. They were the parents of five sons and three daughters: John, Brown, Christopher, Ben-

jamin, Reed, Dorinda, now Mrs David Shears; Eliza, who became Mrs James Sutton; and Emma, now Mrs J. Trace, all three near Green Bank.

When a little girl, Mrs Clarissa Arbogast had her arm crushed in a cider mill. She was given up to die by the physician sent for from an adjoining county. The late Captain John McElwee, ancestor of the McElwee relationship in our county, had the nerve to take his joint saw and razor and amputate the arm above the mortified part. The patient recovered and lived to rear the five sons and three daughters just named. What Mrs Arbogast could not do with her good left arm in housekeeping was not worth doing. She died quite recently.

Benjamin Arbogast, of Benjamin, Senior, married Miss Gibbons, a sister of the gallant Colonel S. B. Gibbons, Tenth Virginia Infantry, who died May 6th, 1862, on the McDowell battle field,—shot through the head the moment he reached the line of fire, leading his men into action.

Benjamin Arbogast, Junior, was one of the most remarkable persons that ever lived in our county. Upon attaining his majority he was appointed constable, and he magnified his office and worked it for all it was worth. He frequented the courts, and seemed to have been infatuated with the lawyers of loose habits and alcoholic propensities, and proficient in the history of the four kings. He aspired to the distinction of beating them at their own game, for they seemed to be what a gentleman should be. He soon acquired his coveted distinction of being the fastest young man in

the county.

When about twenty-five years of age he came under the influence of Charles See, who taught in the family of Colonel Paul McNeel, and there was kindled in our young friend's mind an irresistible desire for a college education. He learned the rudiments of Latin and algebra from Mr See, went a session or two at Academy and then away to Dickinson College, in Pennsylvania, and was graduated among the best in his class. In the meantime he had professed piety, entered the ministry, and became a noted pulpit orator, and one of the most distinguished teachers of the high schools under the auspices of the Methodist Episcopal church, South. He died a few years since at Winchester; leaving a reputation long to be remembered by his denomination. Recently one of his surviving children, an accomplished daughter visited Marlinton.

The writer tenderly cherishes the memory of this remarkable Pocahontas man, for he often manifested special friendship for me, and we have had many good talks together. We last met in Winchester, in October, 1874. He introduced me to Norval Wilson, father of Bishop Wilson.

JOHN McNEEL.

John McNeel, the ancestor of the McNeel relationship in our county, appears to have been the first to occupy the Little Levels by permanent settlement. He was a native of Frederick County, Virginia, but passed much of his early life in or near Cumberland, Mary-

land. He seems to have been fond of athletics, and in a pugilistic contest his antagonist was so badly knocked out as to be regarded fatally injured. To avoid arrest and trial for murder, he refugeed. He followed the trend of the Alleghanies. A long while was spent in their gloomy solitudes, and his sufferings of mind and body can not be even imagined by any of us. Finally, going deeper and deeper into the wilderness, he came at last in view of the Levels, about 1765.

As he overlooked this section from some neighboring eminence, he saw much to remind him of his native region. An extensive, wooded plain, bordered by mountain ranges of unsurpassed beauty, and very fertile. He decided, as every thing looked so much like the old home scenery, to settle here; and chose a site for his cabin near the present home occupied by Hon. M. J. McNeel. Traces of this cabin have been seen by many persons yet living, between the gate on the public road and his residence. If the spot could be identified, it would be well to mark it with a piece of the marble recently found in such fabulous quantities close by.

Here the solitary man brooded over his supposed guilt, prayed with his broken heart for pardon, and hunted for his food, subsisting almost entirely upon venison and trout. One day while hunting he met Charles and Edward Kinnison, from his old home, who had come out here prospecting for a situation. He learned from them that the person he boxed with was not dead, not even seriously hurt. This was indeed good news, and then and there he felt free from all

bloody stain, and he could return without fear of molestation.

John McNeel insisted upon his friends to share his cabin with him. He assisted them in making a selection for a home adjoining his tract. The three then set out on their return to the lower Valley of Virginia.

While on this visit home John McNeel married Martha Davis, who was born in Wales in 1740, and soon after their marriage they came out to the Levels. A few acres were soon cleared off, and plenty to subsist upon was raised.

Mr McNeel seemed deeply impressed with a sense of gratitude to God for his providential care, after all his wanderings and fears to permit the lines to fall to him in such a pleasant, wealthy place. that he built a house for worship, the White Pole Church.

In a few years the Dunmore war opened up. The three friends,—McNeel and two Kinnisons,—went into camp at Lewisburg, and joined the expedition to Point Pleasant, October 10, 1774. They survived that eventful and important contest, came back, but not to remain very long. They went across the eastern mountains and enlisted in some company that went from Frederick County, served during the Revolution, and then took up the peaceful tenor of their lives where they had left off. There is a pathetic tradition that while Mr McNeel was absent to Point Pleasant a child was born and died before his return. The mother with her own hands prepared the coffin and the grave, and buried it. They reared five children, two sons and three daughters.

Miriam married John Jordan, and lived near Locust on what is now known as the Jordan Place, owned by Isaac McNeel. They reared three daughters and five sons. Particular mention of these in the John Jordan paper.

Nancy McNeel, second daughter of the pioneer, married Richard Hill.

Martha, the pioneer's third daughter, married Griffin Evans, moved west and settled on the Miami River.

Our venerable pioneer reared two sons, Abram and Isaac.

Abram first married a Miss Lamb. Her brother, William Lamb, was greatly esteemed by Abram McNeel, and he named his son for him. William Lamb was an expert Artisan. The late Captain McNeel had a clock made by this person that was one of the most elegant specimens of its kind to be found anywhere. There was one daughter, Elizabeth, who was married to William Hanna, of Greenbrier County.

Abram McNeel's second wife was Miss Bridger, relative of the slain Bridger Brothers. By this marriage there were three sons, Washington, who died in youth; John; and Abram, who went west. The daughters of this second marriage were Margaret, who married the late William Beard of Renick's Valley, and she has been dead but a short while.

Martha married Bayliss Butcher, and went west. One of her sons practiced medicine in our county a few years since, Dr F. Butcher.

Miriam, another daughter, married Christopher Beard, and her son Dr Beard is a prominent physician

in Lewisburg.

Nancy McNeel married James Rankin, and lived on the Greenbrier at the mouth of Locust.

Mary was a lifelong invalid, and never married.

Abram McNeel's third wife was Magdalen Kelly, of Monroe County. At the time of their marriage she was the widow Haynes. Rev James Haynes is a grandson of her first husband. The children of this third marriage were Henry Washington and William Lamb.

Henry Washington has lived mostly in the west, and has led a busy life for many years, and is there now.

Captain William Lamb McNeel, lately deceased, lived on the old homestead. He held many positions of trust, and met the expectations of his most admiring friends, in the camp, the legislature, and in business affairs.

Isaac McNeel, the other son of the pioneer, settled upon lands now held by the family of the late Jacob McNeel, M. J. McNeel, W. T. Beard, and C. E. Beard. His first wife was Rachel McKeever. By this marriage there were four sons, Paul, John, Richard, and Isaac. The daughters were Hannah, Martha, Nancy, and Rachel.

Hannah married Benjamin Wallace, of Bath County Virginia. Dr Matt Wallace, an eminent physician at Mill Point, lately deceased, was her son. Her daughter, Rachel, became Mrs William Hefner, a prominent citizen of Braxton County. Her other daughter Elizabeth married Christopher Jordan.

Martha McNeel married David McCue, of Nicholas

County.

Nancy, the third daughter, married William C. Price late of Huttonsville, Randolph County.

Rachel McNeel married Jacob Crouch, of Randolph County.

In reference to the sons of the first marriage it will be remembered that Colonel Paul McNeel was one of the most widely known citizens of his day.

John McNeel's sons are Isaac McNeel and Hon. M. J. McNeel, of the Levels.

Richard McNeel's daughter, Mary, is the wife of W. T. Beard, whose sons, Edgar and Lee, are well known.

Isaac McNeel served as Sheriff a number of years, and went west.

By his second marriage, Isaac McNeel, son of John, the pioneer, to Ann Seybert, daughter of Jacob Seybert, mouth of Stamping Creek, there were two sons, Jacob and Samuel Ellis. The latter died a soldier in the war.

The daughters of the second marriage were Catherine, who became the wife of Charles Wade, of Green Hill, Virginia; Elizabeth married Jacob Sharp, near Edray; Miriam married Joseph McClung, of Nicholas County; Magdalen married Dr Robert Williams, of Bath, Virginia.

This brings the chronicles of the venerable pioneer's family down within the memory and observation of the living. His life was of no ordinary interest. His righteous memory should be in everlasting remembrance. He was the first to "wail with judicious care" amid these mountains the hymns sung by his ancestry

amid the moors of Scotlond, the men of the moss hags.

But very little, if any of the lands he preempted has passed out of the possession of the relationship, now in the third and fourth generation, a very remarkable circumstance in the history of American families.

John A. McNeel, a great grandson, furnishes the following data:

"The knowledge I have of my great-grandfather is purely traditional, but with one link of tradition, and that one my father, the late Paul McNeel, of Pocahontas County. John McNeel, Senior, was born in the year 1745, and was 80 years old when he died, his death occurring in 1825. Paul McNeel was born within sight of his grandfather's house, in the year 1803. He was consequently 22 years of age at his grandfather's death. There was an intimacy between these two people, as I have often learned from my father, that was only ended by the death of the older McNeel.

"Paul McNeel was taken at an early age to live with his grandparents. I have heard him relate an incident to fix his very earliest recollections of his grandparents which was this: His grandmother had given him a piece of wheat bread and butter, (quite a luxury then), and set the little boy down to eat it. When left alone a large tomcat came up to divide the boy's meal. A fight followed, and the boy threw the cat in the fire, where there happened to be a bed of coals. The coals stuck to the cat's fur, the cat ran and screamed until the boy was scared out of his wits. He too ran home as fast as he could. This occurred when Paul McNeel

was six years old, in the old house in the rear of M. J. McNeel's residence.

"As I say, Paul McNeel at a tender age became an inmate of his grandparent's home, and to a great degree received his early training from them. The death of his mother, Mrs Rachel McNeel, occurred in 1818, when he was only 15 years old, rendered his dependence on his grandparents the more necessary. There is a field belonging to the estate of the late Jacob McNeel that my father has frequently in passing pointed out to me, which he and his grandfather planted in corn (they doing the dropping) in 1825; and in connection he told how active of body and sound of mind his grandfather was at eighty, and soon after this the old gentleman was seized with pneumonia and died.

"I have related these two incidents—the beginning and ending of the acquaintance of these two people—to show you how thoroughly I have been taught, both by "legend and lay," to know and revere the character of the venerable pioneer. The exact spots where the "White Pole Church" and the "First Camp" were built have been pointed out to me; and, as you suggest both should be marked by a slab of the marble that is found in such abundance close by.

"Martha Davis, the wife of this gentleman, was a Welch girl, a Calvinistic Methodist, born in the year 1742, being therefore several years older than her husband. She survived him five years, being 88 years old at the time of her death. You speak of the death of her child during the absence of her husband to Point Pleasant. Of this I have frequently heard, and that

she with her own hands prepared the body of her child and performed the first burial rites ever performed at the McNeel graveyard.

There was another matter this lady was the first to do, and for which her name deserves to be kept in dear remembrance, and by this latter act to the living generation she has set an example of the highest christian character: and that was to bring with her to her new mountain home as a part of her dowry, a Bible printed in the Welsh dialect. A noble exemplar! This is the first Bible that there is any record of having ever been brought to the waters of the Greenbrier.

"The date fixed by you as the time when John McNeel, Senior, arrived in the Levels, 1765, is correct. He was then in his 20th year, and now when we reflect that this was the year succeeding when the Indians had made the most fearful massacre of the white people in the Valley of Virginia, and the the Ohio River Valley was an unbroken wilderness, we wonder at the adventurous spirit of this remarkable man.

"Of the traditional history that I have heard of him the thing that impressed me most of all was his wonderful sincerity of character and strength of purpose in his daily life. This feature of his character had a powerful influence on his grandson, Paul McNeel, and contributed in no small degree to his success in after life. And in conclusion I will say that during the 27 years it was my pleasure to know my father, I never heard him mention the name of John McNeel, Senior, but with the words of praise upon his lips. And the deep hold that Methodism has held in the Levels of

Pocahontas for the last hundred years can be explained when I say that the man and woman who built the "White Pole Church" laid the foundation of the Methodist Church; and let us trust that the influence of this humble christian man and woman will descend from generation to generation, and like the mantle of Elijah prove a blessing on whomsoever it may fall."

JOHN SLAVEN.

One of the notable families in our local annals was the Slaven relationship, whose ancestor was John Slaven, who came from Tyrone, Ireland, about the middle of the previous century. He first settled in Rockingham County, and then came to what is now Highland County, Virginia, and located permanently at Meadow Dale, on property now held by Stuart Slaven and James Flesher. His wife was a Miss Stuart. Traces of the old home are still to be seen near James Flesher's residence, who is a descendant by the fifth remove.

In reference to John Slaven's sons, we learn that Henry and Reuben went to Ohio and settled in the famous Scioto Valley. Daniel Slaven located his home on Clinch River, Tennessee. Isaiah Slaven married Martha Stuart and went to Montgomery County, Ky. in 1792, about the time that State came inte the union, and settled at Mount Sterling. William Slaven settled in Smith County, Tennessee.

Stnart Slaven remained on the homestead. His wife was a Miss Sohnston, a daughter of Jesse Johnston.